



A pleasant new Northerne Song:  
called the two York-shire Lovers.  
To a pleasant new Court tune, Or, the tune of Willy.



When Willy once he stayed,  
To fetch home a lamb that strayed,  
Under a hill side,  
A bonny Lass he spide,  
Of whom he was well apaid.

Her cheekes like Cherries growing,  
Her lips like Rose-buds blowing,  
Her eyes blacke and cleare,  
As the Sloe upon the briers,  
Or the worme in the hedge lies glowing.

Her waste so small and slender,  
Her skin so soft and tender,  
He sigh'd and he said,  
That she was a faire Maid,  
And his love to her he'd render.

The wind did seeme to play,  
With her tresses as she lay,  
Betwixt hope and feare,  
He was in despair,  
To give her the time of the day.

Yet resolu'd to court this opinion,  
There slept in a new opinion:  
This timorous Clowne,  
Thought Phoebe had come downe,  
To speake with her loved Endimion.

His errand quite forgotten,  
He lean'd to a tree was rotten,  
He swore by the Masse,  
There was neuer such a Lass,  
His heart with a shaft was shotten.

Then boldly he stept vnto her,  
His eyes shot affection throught her,  
He cast away feares,  
And pricking by his eares,  
Thus Willy began to wooe her.

Good day (quoth he) my honny,  
Thou dearer to me than money,  
Ile lose my little Lambe,  
And gladly giue the Demme,  
To lig with a Lass so bonny.

Now list to what Ile tell thee,  
There's none in shap doth excell thee,  
So thou wilt wed me,  
None happier than thee;  
For better day ere befell me.

Of Puts Ile give thee plenty,  
And red Rye Apples twenty,  
My butter Ile leese,  
To make thee summer Cheese,  
And Creame to make Egge pies dainty.

My Lambs new gowns shall beare thee,  
No doglockes shall ere come neere thee,  
The Poultry of the Towne  
Shall cackle without Downe,  
Ere Ile want a soft bed to cheere thee.

My Bagpipes mirth shall make thee,  
Each moone with a song Ile wake thee  
at night Ile not faile,  
to tell a merry tale,  
And make thy sad thoughts forsaethee.





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The second part.

To the same tune.



White Lillies shall pane the Clofes,  
Each brier shall blush with Roses,  
The grasse greene and sweet,  
Shall kisse thy tender feet.  
And the Medows shall yield thee posies.

With shady bowers set oze thee,  
With thousand contents Ile stoe thee,  
While by some cleere brooke,  
With my little Dog and hooke,  
Ile bring my fine Ewes befoze thee.

While thus he was close set at her,  
(Quoth she) I suspect the matter,  
For an houres sport,  
Like the false alluring Court,  
The Country has learned to flatter.

Wherefoze leave off thy wooing,  
I lone not such short doing,  
and come vnto the matter,  
I lone not for to flatter,  
True affection hates long suing.

But if your lone will proue steddpy,  
Till Hymen had made him ready,  
then surfet all night,  
In a captiue Waits delight,  
Which yet but ayze hath fed ys.

Quoth he I lone none aboue thee,  
For chastity I proue thee,  
as constant Ile proue,  
as the spate vnto the Dowe,  
Say though thou wert dead, Ile lone thee

And all contents Ile giue thee,  
So that thou wilt lue with me:  
my life and all Ile loose,  
ere I my Lone abuse,  
And all my rich hith vnto me.

As Willy thus was talking,  
The Shepherds eyes were walking,  
each legge and each limbe,  
so tricked so trim,  
She thought it no time of balking.

Her heart with lone was taken,  
God Cupid did her awaken,  
and cast a cheerefull eye,  
vpon him by and by,  
To shew he was not forsaaken.

His lips to hers he laid,  
She neuer a word gains-said:  
thus ioyning their hands,  
they tyed the nuptiall bands,  
Which neuer till death decay'd.

Such happy ioy God send me,  
When I to wed intend me,  
and to each faithfull Loner:  
where they be one oze other,  
I heartily commend thee.

FINIS.

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